Vampires Make
Everything
More
Interesting

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Vampires Make Everything More Interesting

By masterdragon09

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Chapter 1

Vampires Make Everything More Interesting - Chapter 1

Life is dull, well for me it is. All it is is carefully calculated decisions, all I ever do is play it safe, never just play; lately I have been growing bored...

Max had always had a safe and normal life. She never had anything particularly exciting happen to her. She did average work in school, and in everything else but, she never found it to be exciting. Then again how could she be excited about anything when she never took any risks with her life. Because of this she had grown increasingly apathetic about everything in her life, her friends, family, and school work meant so little to her now. She had begun to grow detached from all that was around her, leading

to a vicious cycle of increased boredom and loneliness. She just didn't care. What was her life in the grand scheme of things? Nothing. Nothing but an insignificant speck.

"Max! Will you quit brooding in your room and get down here, its time for supper!" her mother called from the kitchen. "Coming." Max responded unenthusiastically. She got up from laying on her bend and slouched down the stairs. When she got to the bottom of the stairs she spotted the family dog, a fluffy little Pomeranian. "Hi Doggy," Max said crouching down to pet the dog in the hall leading to the kitchen. The dog was very hyperactive and spun around while Max tried to just pat its very fluffy petite frame. Even though Max brooded occasionally about not loving anything she would always love her dog, and all other sorts of animals. It was most likely do to the fact that animals were much simpler creatures than people, and much more accepting. An animal, especially a dog, will not judge you on how you dress, or how much time you spend in your room. She knew a thing or two about how people

looked at you when your hair was dyed black, or you put on too much eye makeup.

After petting her dog Max slowly made her way into the kitchen. "Max," her mom said as she placed herself unceremoniously in her chair, "will you sit up strait you're going to ruin your back." Max rolled her eyes at this statement in her head, who cared about her friggen back, she didn't. "And the dog's name is Cupcake, i wish you would start calling her by it. Now all she responds to is Doggy, which is not a proper dog name." "And Cupcake is?" Max retorted. Her mom responded with a huff and continued to set the table.

Once the rest of the family, which included Max's older sister, brother, and her father, they said grace and began to eat. Everyone else talked lightly about their days, while Max sat and nudged her food in silence, grunting a bit when talked to. She didn't really like eating, especially not since high school started. She felt so gross when she was full of food. Because of that she had grown increasingly thin over the past few years. She and her high school friends

thought it made her look cute and skinny, any intelligent adult saw it as unhealthy.

Still Max hated eating, and because of that she always brought her attitude to the table. The entire family felt the dark cloud of gloom that she harbored whenever she was in a bad mood. None of them really appreciated her immature and angst riddled view of life either. Both her brother and sister had gone through the angst phase, but they had matured beyond it. However, Max, the baby of the family being 16 years old, was stuck smack dab in the middle of her terrible teenage years, making her parents want to slit their wrists.

After dinner was finished Max sauntered back up to her room to listen to music. She couldn't take one more minute of her family's shallow chit chatting about their days. Max's mom frowned at her in displeasure as Max ascended the stairs, but she knew there was little she could do. There was just no getting through to her daughter any more

Max woke up around noon the next day after listening to music and browsing the internet for most

of the night. Max hated mornings with a passion, so she figured she ought to just sleep through them. However, Max had to get up at some point in time so she groggily got out of bed and began to get dressed. Even though she was off of school for the summer she had to get up and go work at her part time job. It was a somewhat pathetic place that she worked, but she liked it because she got paid $7.50 an hour to stand around and do nothing most of the time. She worked at a prop shop named the "Horror Shack" on the edge of the town, around 5 miles away from her house.

The shop mostly things you would need for halloween, like fake weapons, teeth, masks, and all other kinds of fun stuff; however, because it was such a select store they only got steady business one out of twelve months. So for the other 11 months they really only got a few customers in. All Max had to do was stand around, she didn't even have to look interested in what she was doing either. The only catch was, there were gory and realistic looking body parts everywhere and disturbing music playing in

the background. Which was why Max was one of the few people who would take the job.

Normally Max would not mind standing around in this disturbing environment for 8 hours, but today the store had gotten stock in. Which meant that she has to lug around heavy boxes, sort them, and put them all away. She was not looking forward to it. Especially since she hardly had any strength to speak of and could only lift perhaps thirty pounds.

So while Max went about her duties of stocking she noticed the store had gotten in a whole box of blood, in one gallon containers. They looked just like milk jugs, but maybe for cannibals, not regular humans. She looked at with a slight frown on her face wonder why in the hell someone would need a gallon of fake blood. However, she just shrugged and proceeded to put them on the metal shelves, leaving a good portion of it back in stock since they had gotten over 12 gallons.

At 9:30, the end of Max's shift, she actually was in a good mood, she didn't know what it was but she felt like it was going to be a good night. Max had about

$20 on her, perhaps she could go rent a movie and get herself something to eat. It seemed like a good plan, her parents surely wouldn't miss her, and at any rate all they would do is bitch at her about how hanging about alone at night was a good way to get kidnapped or killed. Ha, like that was every going to happen, its not like there was anything that dangerous out there. She fool heartedly believed that she could take on any person that challenged her. She she might not have had much bulk on her, but she truly believed that if she was threaten she could either scare the person away with her threats or kick them in the balls. Max also believed that if things were looking really dire she could just pluck out the person's eyeballs. All these things she thought were good enough self defense.

She punched out and walked back through stock to the back door; however, halfway there she was stopped dead in her tracks. There was a repulsive old man, his mouth open and gasping revealing what looked like fangs. He wore extremely old clothes, which were in bad shape, and a black flowing cape. He was desperately opening one of the gallon

containers labeled blood with his long spindly fingers. Once he got the cap off he began pouring it into his mouth, with most of it missing his mouth entirely or overflowing from his mouth, dripping down his chin and drenching his front with a copious amount of the red liquid. But after a few seconds her got a repulsed look on his face and proceeded to spit and vomit out the fake blood. He heaved once, then twice, then seemed to focus. He snapped his head around and glared at Max who had been watching in silent disbelief up to this point. "What is this!?" he snarled at her, barring his fangs. Max would have run a long time ago if she had realized how much trouble she was truly in.

Thats all for chapter one, if you liked it stay tuned for chapter 2

By the way, any criticism is welcome, especially of grammar. And character like-ablity, relate-ability, ect.

Chapter 2

Vampires Make Everything More Interesting - Chapter 2

Max just stood staring at the strange man that had broken into the back room. Sadly, her first thoughts were not about escape, however, they were mostly wondering what show she was on and who had done the guy's makeup and made him look so realistically creepy. His face was so gaunt, as if the skin had just been stretched over his skull, the rest of his body being just as thin as his face, and his eyes which were sunken into the sockets, which were a dull black with small red glowing pin points in place of pupils.

Normally, a person would just flip out and run away when presented with a real looking monster who was yelling at them. Max however, whether it was

because she was stupid or falsely secure, stood there and wondered how he did his makeup and whether or not he had gotten his supplies at the Horror Shack. Her instincts were tugging at her gut, trying to tell her of the danger, but she chose to ignore them and opting to try and play it cool and act like she was tough.

While Max had been standing around pondering, the old decrepit man collapsed, though the cause of this was unknown to her. He glared at Max with horrible hunger and loathing, and began to crawl towards her. Max still didn t feel like running though, she instead took out her cellphone and began texting her one friend that she still liked to talk to, Amy.

"Hey thar is a werd old dude crawln tword me wut shud i do?"

Max waited a few moments but Amy responded fairly quickly with:

"lol, KICK HIM IN DA FACE!! :D"

Well, Max didn't need any more advice than that, just as the man had gotten to her feet and was reaching

out to grab her she put all her might into punting his head like a football; however, this did not go over well with him. Max may have gotten away with it if she hadn't been so weak, or if she knew how to kick. The old man however, barely being phased by the kick, grabbed Max's leg and dragged her to the ground with what would have been surprising strength for a normal human, and what was astounding strength for a person who was nothing but skin and bones.

Max was now beginning to get concerned but was not quite in panic mode yet, for she still believed the whole situation to be a prank. Though the thought that it could be real was increasing, along with her sense of alarm. Max was not ready to give up though, so just as her assailant was opening his mouth to bite her leg she grabbed a bag of fake spider webs and shoved it as far into his mouth as she could.

While the old man struggled to get the bag out of his mouth Max kicked her way out of his grip, got back on her feet, and looked around for anything she could use as a weapon. The first thing she spotted

was a severed leg prop, she picked it up and it felt fairly heavy and solid. So, she then began to repeatedly beat the old man over the head which actually felt pretty good, probably since she had been so annoyed lately and now she had a chance to vent.

Finally after she had been beating the old man for about half a minute, he began yelling in defeat "I give up, I give up! Please, will you just let me go?" Max relented her beatings for the moment but looked down at him, her eyes narrowed "I think you owe me an explanation first." she began, "Like to begin with, who are you and why are you here? And secondly... how did you get yourself to look like that? I mean, how did you get yourself to look so thin, and were did you get the glowing contacts?" The man looked up at her confused, and slightly insulted. "Well to begin with," he started, his voice sounding tired, "I am here because I was looking for something to drink, if you haven't figured it out yet I am a vampire." That statement got a look of sarcastic disbelief from Max. "Please," The man said piteously "I know it sounds preposterous, but it is the truth" "Of course it is." Max muttered sarcastically.

The old man sighed, which sounded very raspy and labored, "As I was saying, about being a vampire... I had been buried for a long time, and recently my coffin had been disturbed due to erosion, and fell into a river. I eventually awoke when it was washed ashore. If you are to stupid to know, vampires are weakened by running water, so that, combined with the fact that I have been asleep for two centuries, made me very weak. So I feebly made my way to this town. I stumbled into this place because it was the first building I came to, and when I entered I came upon those containers labeled blood. I was so thirsty I just figured it was good fortune, so I began drinking. However, as you observed, I soon realized that it was not truly blood, so I had to get it out of my body, since it is generally bad for vampires to drink anything other than human blood. And you know the rest that has happened to me after that."

"Uh-huh...." Max responded, she was not sure whether to believe the old man or not. Sure he looked unnaturally thin, had glowing red eyes, and was horribly strong, but she was just not one to believe things right away. That, and she just wanted

to go home. "So... now what? How can I trust that you aren't going to go and kill a bunch of people and then come and kill me?"

"If you will just give me your hand," the no longer old man, but vampire said "I will show you." All this statement earned the vampire was a blank stare from Max, that said: Yeah right, like I'm going to do that, stupid. "Please, just trust me, what other choice do you have?" Max rolled her eyes, but realized, that she didn't care anymore, and that she may as well give the vampire, who she now thought was a pedophile, her hand. So she unenthusiastically held her hand out, limply and palm down.

The vampire sat up a little, and graciously took her hand and began smelling it, making Max very uncomfortable. "It can't be." The vampire said in silent awe looking at Max's hand. "What?" Max asked, concerned about what the vampire had just found out, "What is it? What did you smell?" "You.." the vampire started "You have the scent of my old masters... What great fortune that I have found you!" He said looking up at her and managing a small, but

relieved smile, like that of a child that has been lost all day and has finally found his parents.

"What seriously?" Max said, actually starting to believe him, now that he had mentioned that he may be her servant. "So... what? Do you belong to me now?" Max asked, very hopeful that she would soon have a pet vampire Though admittedly she wished he could have been younger and better looking, but an old creepy vampire was better than no vampire at all. At the very least he would be fun to have around during halloween.

"All you must do," the vampire said "for me to belong to you, is perform the servitude ceremony. Where you will say the lines and have me repeat them, and at the end, you give me a drop of your blood to drink to seal the spell." "Well that sounds simple enough." Max replied, so what are the words?"

So the vampire told her the words and she began the spell.

"I pledge myself," Max said.

"I pledge myself," the vampire repeated.

"to obey every command,"

"to obey every command,"

"and to never abandon you,"

"and to never abandon you,"

"until the very end."

"until the very end."

After the final words were repeated, Max looked around for a box cutter, and with it she delicately put a small cut at the end of her left index finger. "With this I seal the spell" she said and held out her barely bleeding finger to the vampire. He held out his tongue and let a single drop fall onto it which he savored.

Max was feeling more emotions in this one moment than she had in her whole life She had a freaking vampire as a servant, and he seemed to be perking up too. Even now he seemed to be less gaunt than he had been when she had first met him. And now that he had gotten up and was standing up strait, he was actually kind of intimidating.

"So, I never got your name," Max said to the vampire. "What is it? Wait no, don't tell me! I'm gonna name you 'cause you're my pet now!" Max said grinning, she was thrilled beyond words at the moment. "My name is Synclair" he said dryly with a hint of annoyance, and that is how you will address me. "Hey!" Max said angry with her servant's disobedience, she did not like the tone he was taking with her. "You're my servant you can't talk to me like that! What's the deal?"

"You have the situation reversed, young one" the vampire said coldly.

"Huh?" Max said looking at him confused. What had happened?Before, he had seemed so much kinder, or at the very least, not so cold.

The vampire gave a sigh and glared down at her "I supposed I should be thankful for your thick head, for without it you wouldn't belong to me."

"Wait, what!?" Max said, she couldn't believe what she was hearing, all the joy she had felt before had all been weighted and dropped down into a pit of

dread and hopelessness at the bottom of her stomach.

"I do believe you've finally gotten it into your skull, YOU are MY servant"

* * * *

Yay, I wrote chapter 2, and it's finally getting good. So I hoped you liked it. If people start asking for more, I may upload quicker, but no guarantees. Btw, Synclair is from Britain in the 1700/1800's , so he should technically have an accent, but i was to lazy to write it, and i think it's easier to read this way.

Chapter 3

Vampires Make Everything More Interesting - Chapter 3

Synclair seemed to straiten up and take stock of his situation, as Max stood dumbly staring at him. Synclair looked at Max, hoping that she would hear what he was about to tell her since she still didn t seem to be consciously present, this due in part to the fact that she had just discovered vampires were real and been in slaved by one on the same night.

"I suppose you are wondering," Synclair began, " what it means to be my servant, or in you case, slave." Max just stared blankly at him, beginning to get a sad lost look on her face. Synclair sighed, beginning to feel a bit bad about what he had just

done, but only because of the way Max was looking at him. However, he quickly shook off the feeling.

"To begin with," Synclair said in a business like tone, "you will have the urge to obey whatever I say, and the longer you resist doing it, the stronger the urge will become." The look on Max s face when from sad and lost to one of sudden dread and fear. "What are you going to make me do...?" Max asked quietly, with slight underlying fear. "Whatever I wish." Synclair responded with a slight glint in his eyes, and a smirk on his lips. A look of sudden horror came upon Max s face after hear this, due to all the implications that the statement held in it. "Not THAT." Synclair responded, slightly annoyed. He had thought she should have been to young to be thinking of things of that nature, but is wasn t Max s fault that she didn t look her age.

"Well, I suppose I should get down to business," Synclair said, looking at Max disapprovingly, while straitening his clothes. "By tomorrow morning, I will need a place to sleep, and a coffin to sleep in". He said matter-of-factly, "And also-" "Hold on." Max said

firmly, beginning to get her spirit back, "How the HELL am I supposed to do all that in less than 7 hours? Especially when nobody is awake!?" Synclair just looked at her with a smirk, " You ll figure it out." he said. "Fuck you!" Max said angrily, she was not going to put up with this crap. "Watch. Your. Language." Synclair said angrily putting emphasis on each word, and saying them while glaring into Max s eyes. "Yeah right you mother _____!" Max said, but right as she got around to cursing, she couldn t bring herself to say it. "What!? I can t believe it, I really don t want to swear anymore..." Max said her voice filled with a mixture of awe, confusion, and frustration. "Well, Synclair said impatiently, If you had been paying attention you would have already realized what was going to happen. Now just listen." Max of course now had to just sit and listen to him, because she did not have the will to defy his orders.

"I suppose it would be a bit much for you to get me a coffin, and a place to stay all in one night. But if you could direct me to a graveyard with an above ground grave that would be all I need. After you find that I will have a place to sleep while you find me a

permanent residence. You see, I could do all this myself, but I personally find your human society to be repulsive, and I would rather not deal with it. That is why I need you, you will be the mediator between me and all other humans. That way, the only human I need ever talk to is you. So you must go now and find a place for me to sleep, while I go and satisfy my thirst. You may speak now if you wish."

"You aren't going to kill people are you?" asked Max with a bit of fear and annoyance in her voice, but what she was most scared of was being an accomplice to a murderer. "And why do you need me to be a mediator? Why do you even have to talk to humans anyways? What could vampires need from humans other than blood?"

"You would be surprised." Synclair replied, "Unless I was to skulk around in the shadows, and only come to humans for my most basic of needs, I would lead a very primitive life, and that just does not suit me. I would like to have a home, clothes, and any basic needs to keep up a normal appearance, to avoid suspicion, and to get these things I must get them

from humans. However since I don t like humans I need you, to talk to them for me."

"But aren t you contradicting yourself by talking to me?" Max pointed out. "True," Synclair responded, "but, I would rather deal with one human that will obey my every command, rather than many humans that I will not know, and that I may or may not hate. At least with you I know what you are like, and I can possibly trust you as I get to know you."

"Yeah," Max said, finally beginning to relax, now that she was having a civilized conversation. "but you could grow to like other humans as well. Wouldn t that make life easier?"

"It could," Synclair responded, some of his cynicism creeping back into his voice, "but, from my experience most humans are insufferable, and I am completely happy to live the way I am; therefor, I do not feel like taking the risk of getting to know humans."

Max sighed, "I suppose I can t argue with that... So now what?" "Now you go and find me a coffin, and I go to regain my strength." After getting a look of

slight apprehensive fear from Max he added "Don t worry, I m not going to kill anyone. I would go into detail of my feeding habits, but I feel that that is a story for another time. Right now, you must go find me a temporary home, a grave above ground, preferably a mausoleum. Now, I must be off"

And with that, he turned around and silently walked out of the back of the store. Max stood for a few minutes, letting all that had just happened sink in. She could hardly wrap her head around it. Vampires were real, and she was a slave to one. It was unbelievable. She thought she would have been happy, for she, like so many others, had always wished something exciting would happen in her life. Something that would finally make her life interesting, but now that something had happened, she just wished everything could go back to the way it was. For now though, she had a job to do. Soon her vampire master would be a full strength, and she did not want to make him angry. Then again, she never like seeing anyone angry.

So she went out the back, almost forgetting to punch out and, went walking towards the only graveyard she knew...

****

Alright, chapter 3 is finished *dance* How are you liking it so far?

ugh, I need to stop writing @ 1 in the AM. -_o

FUCK i hate this uploading system, It always kills off the quotation marks and indents, Ugh, now I have to go through this shit and find every goddamn "", fuck you wattpad.

Hmmmm i think i'm making up for all the cursing that Max can't do.. hahaha sucker.

Chapter 4

Vampires Make Everything More Interesting - Chapter 4

Max mindlessly walked down the street towards the graveyard, she was not sure if she should try to mentally process what was going on, or just try to ignore it. Psychologically it is better to think things through in a situation, but ignoring a problem is also an accepted form of coping with stress, not that Max cared for psychology or coping methods, she just wanted to get to the graveyard, make sure the vampire was comfortable, and then go home. Her parents were going to be pissed at her, she was soon to be past her 11 o'clock curfew and then she would start receiving angry phone calls. She wished she could tell them what was going on, but first, she

didn't want to drag them into this mess, second, she knew they would not believe her, and lastly, Synclair would be pissed if he had to deal with other humans. So it was an all around bad idea.

She walked along glad that it was summer, and therefor the nights were warm and comfortable. She didn't like that it was partly cloudy with a full moon though, and that there was a low lying mist. It just felt too cliche. Really? she thought to herself I can't believe I'm walking though the mist on a night with a full moon, partially covered in clouds looking for a graveyard. It could only be worse if it was a "dark and stormy night." Then again, after she thought about it a bit she was kind of enjoying herself, since she did like irony, and cliches. So letting the atmosphere sink in, she continued to walk toward her destination.

After walking for around half an hour she finally arrived at the city graveyard. Now she had to figure out how to get in since the gate was closed, and she was not sure whether or not it was guarded. While she was standing there though she began eyeing up

the fence, and she just knew she could climb it, and without even thinking she just jumped up climbed the fence and hopped over.

When she was on the other side it took her a moment to realize what had just happened, but once she did, she was amazed, and slightly uneasy that she had been able to do it. She had never climbed a fence in her life, mostly because she didn't think she was physically capable, and she was not one to purposely break the rules. What had made her do that, she wondered. However, it did not take long to realize that this was most likely her following Synclair's orders again, just like the incident in the back room when she lost her ability to curse.

It really was starting to piss her off that she was losing her freewill to a blood sucking monster, but at the same time she felt somewhat thrilled. It was somewhat like having a superpower, for now she could push herself to her limits without having to worry about having motivation, she could just do it. And even now she felt no fear what so ever, even though she would have normally been terrified to be

alone in a graveyard late at night. For in this moment she had a job to do, she had to search the graveyard for an above ground grave. With more will than she had ever had in her whole life she set out walking down the dark path into the graveyard.

She strode down the narrow gravel path, looking around and the many memorials that surrounded her, a grim reminder of sorrow and loss. She didn't let herself think of it that way though because it would distract her, instead she just thought of them as pieces of stone and nothing else.

As she got closer to the center of the graveyard she finally found what she was looking for, a whit marble mausoleum. It was perfect, just like he had asked. But as soon as she set her eyes on it she began to feel uneasy, suddenly the thought of being alone in the dark surrounded by dead bodies set in. Then she starting thinking about whether or not she was alone. She didn't know what to do now that she had fulfilled her orders. All the willpower that she had felt before was gone, and she was left alone with

nothing but her fear to fill the emptiness it left behind.

As her fear grew and festered inside of her she suddenly saw a flash of light, and her someone approaching. She quickly ran to the mausoleum, and put it between her and the approaching person. As she crouched in the surrounding weeds, she peered around and looked out trying to see who it was approaching. At first she had hoped it would be Synclair and she could go home, but immediately she realized that Synclair would not be carrying a flashlight. As she watched though, her seconded guess as to who it could be was confirmed, it was the night watchman for the graveyard. She was in trouble now.

Normally she would have thought she would be OK. Sure she would have expected being chewed out (she was already used to that), followed by being kicked out, but tonight she could see that the night guard was drunk, and still had a beer bottle in his hand. So she had no idea what to expect from him, especially since he was heading strait for where she was hiding,

his flash light bobbing up and down like a drunken firefly.

She was not sure whether she should try to run, or stay where she was. Neither option seemed good. Running was a sure was to get her caught though, since she couldn't outrun anyone to save her life. So she decided to stay put.

As the man was almost to where she was hiding he called out " 'Ey! whose ou' there? Come ou'!" Max groaned, she reluctantly pulled herself away from her hiding spot hoping that by showing some cooperation her punishment would be less severe. "Wha' are ya doin' ou' here so late at night?" the guard asked angrily, "was it a dare from one of ur lil' frens, or are you just some sick lil' fucker?"

Max was not sure how to respond, she couldn't just come out and say, 'Oh no worries sir, just looking for a home for a vampire, no problems here', and what was she supposed to say? 'Oh sorry I got lost and decided to climb in here looking for a way home...?' That wasn't going to fly. So in the end her excuse was "Yes sir, I was dared by my friend, Amy, I know it was

stupid, can I please just go home?" She wasn't sure what Synclair would do to her if he found out she ran away after finding him a home, but then again what was she supposed to do, take on a guy 3 times her size? It didn't seem like a good plan to her.

"Well now," the guard clearly sounding like he was struggling to think "wha' should I do wit the lil' trespasser. I'm really gettin' sick n' tire' of you skrawny lil' kids breakin' in 'ere, an' then gettin' away scott free. Ya damn lil' trouble makers should be taught a lesson, that its not righ' to break into private property." As the guard spoke he got angrier as he went, and kept menacing closer toward Max who was becoming increasingly alarmed. She was starting to wonder what she had done to get such bad karma, first she's attacked and enslaved by a vampire, and now she was being threatened by some drunken night guard? This was getting ridiculous.

"Sir please," Max said holding up her hands, trying to convey her harmlessness "Trust me I've learned my lesson already, I just want to go home, I didn't mean to make you angry plea-" "Will ya shud up!?" The

guard exclaimed angrily "Ya don't mean a damn word of that BS so just save ur breath, you skank" Max gulped, possibly loud enough for the man to hear. "Now," he said roughly grabbing Max's arm, and putting his face so close to hers that he was partially spitting on her "I'm gunna teach ya some respect."

Just as Max had begun to lose all hope though, she saw a look of sudden surprise come across the man's face as he silently tried to speak. Max's confusion was quickly banished by a voice from behind her. "Honestly," the voice from behind said, "I didn't think you could get into this much trouble." Max turned around quickly and saw a young man standing behind her who looked to be in his 20's, and had longish black hair. " 'Ey! 'ho are you!?" As Max stood wondering that herself, the young man looked directly into the guard's eyes and said "I am nobody, you never saw me, and you never saw this young girl, you were just passing by." The man eyes looked glazed over and he slowly released Max from his grip and sauntered off into the dark.

Too tired and confused to question the situation, Max turned to the young man who had just strangely saved her "I don't know who you are, but thank you, I don't know what that man would have done to me." The young man just smiled at her, somewhat cockily, and mostly in a content yet sympathetic way. He sighed "You truly don't recognize me do you?" he asked "At any rate it seems you have found me a home. Admittedly I could have done this myself, but I felt like giving you a warm up assignment."

Realization finally set in and Max just gawked that the transformed being standing before her "Synclair!?" She asked in amazement, he had been a gaunt ugly old man when she had las saw him and now... He was beautiful, not unearthly, but his beauty was most likey enhanced as well by the contrast of how he once looked.

"Yes it's me," Synclair said with a bit more patients, the combination of blood and a resting place was relaxing him quite a bit "and there is no need to thank me, I was only doing my job." "Your job?" Max asked slightly confused. "Yes," he responded, in

perhaps the kindest tone he had taken all night "because you are my servant it is my job to look after your well being, it is only logical." Logical or not this realization brightened up Max's dark night. Perhaps it wouldn't be so bad to serve Synclair after all.

"You should be getting home," Synclair said in a polite tone "if you wish I can walk you there." "No thanks." Max responded tiredly, "I just want some time by myself to think" "As you please then." Synclair responded. "For tomorrow be at this location at sunset, I will have more for you to do then. Until then good night" "Good night." Max responded tired. and with that she turned around and began her walk home.

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I will correct grammar when i feel like it, till then enjoy

Chapter 5

Vampires Make Everything More Interesting - Chapter 5

As Max walked home all that had just happened began to finally sink in. She began to slowly stop walking. It was so much to take in all at once, in only a few hours her life had changed drastically, and she couldn't tell anyone. Well technically Synclair had never said anything about not telling anyone, but it most likely went without saying. It was very safe to assume that when a vampire that you didn't think existed comes and makes you his servant to avoid contact with humans who don't think he exists, you shouldn't tell anybody. Even if you did, the odds of anyone who wasn't crazy believing you is not good, but the odds of getting labeled as crazy were very

good. So Max was stuck with a big life changing secret. This was going to take some time to get used to this.

Max finally arrived at her house after much contemplating about vampires, and servitude. She had been walking so slowly that by the time she got to her house it was already 1:30 a.m., and unfortunately for her her parents were still awake, waiting. "MAXINE JOANNE DERAVNE!!!! Max was screwed now, she was about to get assaulted by "concern" from her parents, and she had to come up with an excuse fast. She got so preoccupied being dumbfounded by all the unreal things going on around her that she had completely forgotten about the very real parents who had wanted her home two and a half hours ago. "WHERE ON EARTH HAVE YOU BEEN!?" Max's mom screamed at her. Thankfully Max was pretty good at thinking on her feet and had already come up with a decent excuse "I'm really sorry mom," she began, now that she actually had something she needed to hide she didn't mind kissing ass anymore "but you see, at work we got all this fake blood in, and well Tod, the manager, was stupid

enough to put it on a top shelf. Then of course the stupid shelf got bumped by a customer while we were closing up at 10, and it took forever to clean it all up, it was such a mess. It got all over the floor and other merchandize, ugh it was such a pain. So that's why I am late. I would have called, but I didn't want to bother you so late at night so I figured I would just tell you tomorrow morning." Max finished, proud of her excuse, especially since she could see the lines of anger slowing smoothing out of her mother's face. Though, her mother was becoming more relaxed due to the polite tone her usually angry sarcastic daughter was taking, rather than the good excuse she had just made.

Her mother just looked at her and sighed, it was clear that she was still angry, but most of the anger had been diminished. Max internally sighed with relief, well she had gotten one obstacle out of the way. Now she just had to deal with work in the.... the blood. The fact that Max had never actually cleaned up the fake blood that Synclair had spilt all over of the floor suddenly sunk in. "Well good night." Max said, and sadly crept up to her room. She would be fired for

sure. A floor full of fake dried on blood is the last thing any boss wants to see, and Max would surely be skinned alive in the morning. For the moment thought, she rested her weary head on the pillow she was now grateful to have.

Vampires, darkness, and blood filled Max's dreams that night. Not in anyway that made sense, but rather just in a large confused jumble of frightening imagery. Her sleep would be haunted by such things for a long time...

Loud shrill barking pierced through Max's dreams and aroused her from her sleep. Cupcake, aka "Doggy" had found her was into Max's room in the morning as she usually did. However, instead of just curling up and sleeping on the floor by the bed, as she always did the dog had begun snarling and baring as ferociously as a little puff ball could. "Doggy, what's wrong?" Max asked the panicked creature as she reached out her hand. She quickly withdrew the gesture though when the dog tried to bite her. Max couldn't understand why the dog that she had raised from a puppy would all of a sudden

turn on her. It didn't take her long to come up with a guess though.

"Max will you shut that dog up!?" came a holler from Max's mom downstairs. Since there was no other choice Max was forced to just get the dog out of her room and shut the door. Although she could still hear snarling from behind her door. Max gave a sigh. This was just another thing to pile onto the load of complaints of why her life sucked.

Max got ready and was to work by 1 o'clock again, expecting to be fired. However when she got there, her boss just greeted her as usual. Confused, she went to the back room, "If you're wondering about the blood," her boss called to her, "I think it's a nice touch to the back room, it wasn't scary enough back there, but now it's got character. Good job." 'What the friggen...' Max thought to herself 'oh whatever, I guess I should have know he would have thought it was cool...'

So the day carried on as usual, the dread for the coming night began to grow and weight down Max's chest. She knew nothing of buying houses, or coffins,

she was only 16, and now she felt more like a child than she had since she was 12. She though she was beginning to become an adult, and that she was responsible and independent, now she knew she was not ready to be an adult.

Max finally got off of work at 10, and before she knew it her feet were leading her toward the graveyard. She had so many mixed emotions boiling inside her that she didn't know how long she could take the suspense.

After a bit she arrived at the graveyard to find Synclair standing at the gate waiting for her. "Good Evening my young servant," Synclair curtly greeted her, "how are you this fine night?" Max sighed, "I've been better." "Well now" Synclair responded, not surprised by Max's lack of enthusiasm "lets not start out this night with a negative attitude, we have much to get done. By the way, I'm not sure I ever got your name, you know mine but I am afraid I don't know yours. Would you be so kind as to tell me?" "Its Max" was the unenthusiastic response to the polite question. "Max?" Synclair asked somewhat confused,

"perhaps I am mistaken but is that not a boy's name?"

"It can go either way." Max replied. Synclair looked at her with what would have been disbelief, however he could tell she was telling the truth. "Well then Max, are you ready to get to work?" Synclair asked walking toward her. "Not really," she responded, "but lets just get this over with. What are we going to do tonight anyways?" Synclair smiled. "We're going on a journey."

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Oh man where are they guna go o_O, oh snap. lol not really, hint i think synclairs gotta go get munnies. So yea, got chptr 5 written. And i'm slowly gaining fans, w00t, i love ya guys. So tune in next time to see where Synclair takes Max... no he's not going to take here there u sickos...

Chapter 6

Vampires Make Everything More Interesting - Chapter 6

Max sighed at the thought of having to walk for miles on a journey so she asked "We aren't going far are we?" Synclair smirked at this response "Oh, we will be going very far," he said, "probably farther than you have ever traveled in your short life." This statement hit max like a load of bricks, she didn't want to walk forever with a vampire who, admittedly had seemed to have mellowed out since she had last met him. However, he was still and odd person, excuse me "vampire," to have has company.

Synclair noticed the despairing look on Max's face, so he said "Do not worry young one, we will not be traveling on foot." This didn't relieve Max much

though for she immediately asked worriedly "Oh no we aren't going to fly are we?" Synclair was a bit taken aback, mostly because he wondered why she thought he was able to fly. "Uh, no. Perhaps it would be easier if i would just show you." And at the end of this statement, he gracefully put his hand into the air and snapped his fingers twice. Max was about to ask what that was supposed to do but she was silenced by the sound of an approaching carriage.

It could only be heard at first, but soon there was a rippling in the air 10 yards away. And then invisible object could be seen moving through the fog, still accompanied by the constant clip clopping of horse hooves, and rattling of carriage wheels. But as it got closer it slowly faded into reality until it was fully visible when it reached them.

The carriage itself looked very old, not just because of the way it was built, but because it was in such a stated of decay. The paint was all but worn off, with only a few faded remnants of the original color still clinging to the worn wood. And the fabric in the curtains , and on the overhang on the front of the cab

was full of holes and tattered around the edges. Then there was the horse. it was almost completely rotted, with most of its old gray flesh showing, along with some bones. It turned its decaying head and looked at Max and Synclair with its one remaining white eye.

Then there came a grumble from the driver, "I welcome you, abroad the Underworld Express."

Max looked unbelievingly at the carriage. Not only had it appeared out of thin are, but it was being pulled by an animal that shouldn't have been able to move. Synclair just smiled at Max's slack jawed reaction. "Come along," Synclair said as he opened the door and waited for Max. "You'll have much more to be surprised at tonight."

Not sure wether that statement was meant to be comforting or not, Max gathered what courage she had and walked to the carriage and carefully climbed in, afraid that the stares that led into it would give way as soon as she put any weight on them. Synclair followed much more confidently after her.

As soon as both of them had boarded into the carriage it began to move again. Synclair calmly looked out the window, but as soon as he saw the worried and confused look on Max's face he felt he should perhaps explain a few things or at the very least talk to her so she didn't have a mental breakdown.

"I suppose," Synclair began calmly, "that you are confused by the state of the carriage aren't you?" Looking up after she heard this, Max just quietly nodded. "Well it's actually held together by magic." Synclair stated, "When it was first created the carriage way new and strong, and the horse was young and quite healthy. The spell that was placed upon it gave it the ability to be instantly summoned by any underworld creature, and to be able to teleport them anywhere. Also, another spell was put in place to make them last forever, however, the spell did not account for the aging of the horse or the carriage. Though they remain fully functional on the inside, on the outside they have decayed. Many attempts have been made to correct this, but by now it is too late. Just another reason why I try not to

tamper with magic, no matter how well placed your plan something always seems to go wrong."

After he was done speaking he continued to look idly out the window, but when he glanced back at Max he could still see she was distressed. "Is there anything else troubling you?" He asked, trying to be polite and patient, humans could be such cowardly creatures sometimes.

"Well," Max said softly, "I guess I'm just confused by everything going on, the carriage appearing out of thin air, underworld creatures, and mostly you. I mean you seemed so mean at first but now you're so much kinder. And, i don't know I just-" she sighed, getting caught up in her emotions, "I just don't know what to trust in anymore." She gave another small sigh and then looked up at Synclair's red eyes, which she now noticed had slits like that of a cat. "It feels like anything is possible, good or bad, and that scares you, and you no longer know what's real." Said Synclair. "Yes, exactly." Max responded, glad that he could put words to how she was feeling. "Wait...how...How did you know exactly how I felt?"

Max asked confused, she desperately hoped he couldn't feel her emotions. "I've been there before," Synclair responded calmly, "When I was first made into a vampire, I felt similar to the way you do now." "What was it like?" Max asked with quiet curiosity. "That," he responded, "is a story for another time. We have arrived at our destination." After he said the the carriage came to a stop. The doors opened by themselves and wobbled on their hinges, looking like they could fall off at any moment. Max looked unsurely at the shaky exit, but after Synclair exit safely she just hopped out quickly and was instantly appreciative of the firm ground beneath her feet.

"The outskirts of the city" the carriage driver said in a gravely tired voice "are about 1/2 a mile away if you continue north on this path, I'm sorry I couldn't get you closer sir, but I'm sure you understand why." "I understand" Synclair responded simply. And after he said this the carriage started forward again and disappeared in the same manner as it had appeared.

"Come along, its going to be dawn in only a few hours, and I have a few things to accomplish before

then." "Wait... What?" Max uttered very confused "Where- You know what, I don't care anymore, I'm just going to stop asking questions and just go with it." Synclair just gave a have laugh and responded "There will be time later to explain things, for now we walk." After he said it he seemed to get serious again, and began walking forward toward the city. Max followed along behind him, wonder what all was going to happen that night.

Chapter 7

Vampires Make Everything More Interesting - Chapter 7

A brief opening note:

I do believe I forgot to mention what Max and Synclair look like. Perhaps its just because I am a more visual than verbal artist, or because appearances just aren't that important to me. So to remedy this I will post a description in this note.

Max description: About 5' 2" very skinny/scrawny, twig like limbs. Average looking face, big brown eyes, all other features such as nose, hands, feet, ears and lips being small. She can maybe lift 30 lbs at best and can't run for more than 100 ft. She is very unathletic and has no stamina. Has long thin strait black hair,

that she had dyed. Dresses in a mildly emo fashion, with skinny jeans, and lighter colored t-shirts, rarely dresses in all black. Pale and the only makeup she might wear is a BIT of eye liner.

Synclair description: Tall 5' 9", dark hair, which is long because it grew for 200 years. About past his shoulders. His hair is very thick and messy. His eyes are red with slits (like every other vampire), and he has an average-good looking face. Max just thinks he was beautiful because he looked like shit before. At the moment he is wearing what he was when he was buried, which is like this man minus the hat http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Mrs_Mrs_Andrews_detail.jpg, so white ruffled shirt, britches (or whatever they are) and boots that came to his knees.

All other characters: No other major characters have appeared, and Max's family and her boss dress like normal boring people so I'm not going to describe them.

And with that out of the way, onto the actual chapter!

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Max and Synclair continued to walk down the abandoned road. Max didn't have the heart to tell him that he looked entirely out of place with his almost colonial style clothing, and that walking in the middle of the road generally wasn't condoned by any motorists that might drive by. However, she didn't feel like talking because she feared once she opened her mouth she would have to explain hundreds of different things to him. So they simply kept walking on in silence.

About ten minutes into their walk though, Max and Synclair both saw a single light flickering down the road. Soon the humming of a motor was audible in the calm night air. "What is that?" Synclair asked, most likely confused having never encountered anything like it before. "I think its a motorcycle" Max responded watching it get closer. "Well what is a motorcycle?" Synclair asked again, "Well um..." Max stated but before she could finish the motorcycle got closer a lot faster, it had to be going over 100 mph. "Uh, well its that thing as you can see," Max said unintelligently, "and, uh... as you can also see its moving really fast, so I think we should get off the

road, like NOW." Synclair gave a somewhat questioning look, but followed Max as she walked quickly to the shoulder of the road.

The humming slowed as the motorcycle got closer and came to a stop right where Max and Synclair were standing, wondering what they should say. The motorcyclist took off their helmet to reveal a woman who looked to be in her twenties with dark brownish red hair that was layered down to the middle of her neck, she was dressed in a generic riding uniform of a leather jacket, jeans and boots with leather gloves. "Hey are you guys the ones that just got off the Underworld Express?" Max and Synclair looked at each other simultaneously before Synclair answered, "Yes, and you are...?" "Oh sorry for not saying earlier, I'm Valerie. I was sent by the station in London to pick you up. You know, since this is as close as the express can take you now." Max was relieved that they didn't have to walk the rest of the way, but she was puzzled by how all three of them were going to fit on a motorcycle. Especially one that small and built for speed. Synclair seemed to be thinking the

same thing as he slowly walked around the bike observing it.

"Ok well I'm sure you're both wondering how we're all going to fit on here." Valerie said in response to Max's puzzled look, "I was kinda thinking the vampire could just turn into his bat form, and the human could ride bitch on the back, and hold the vampire, or something like that." Max wasn't particularly fond of having to hold onto a vampire, but if he was a bat, it couldn't be too bad. After all to her bats were kind of cute. Synclair just nodded and before long shrunk upwards into the form of a bat. The sight of this was shocking to Max but she didn't have time to dwell on it since Valerie was putting her helmet back on and getting ready to leave. The small bat that was Synclair fluttered over to Max in a not so graceful way and rested on her shoulder. "Hurry up and get on." Valerie said, her voice muffled by her helmet.

Max walked over to the bike extremely scared since she had never ridden on anything like it before. She awkwardly stuck her leg out and tried getting on the

back. Valerie helped her since she was struggling to get in a good position. Valerie seemed to rethink the situation and took off her helmet. "Here," she said holding it out to Max, "I think you need this more than I do." Max took it and put it on without arguing. "Your going to want to sit as close to me as possible," Valerie said loudly so that Max could hear her. "and hold on TIGHT! Vampire, you can find a good spot on her chest somewhere." Before Max could protest Synclair was crawling down her shirts and positioning himself just below her jacket zipper, and in between her small breasts. When Max still hadn't repositioned herself Valerie grabbed her twig like legs and pulled her forward so that their hips were touching. She then grabbed Max's arms and put them around her waist. "Hold on!" she yelled as a finale warning and then they were off.

The entire ride was the single most terrifying experience of Max's life. For starters Valerie felt it necessary to pop a wheely right from the start so they could accelerate faster. This was due to the fact that Valerie was either trying to be a good escort and get them to their destination extra fast, or she found

driving under 100 mph boring, or both. At any rate, the whole ride Max would have had Valerie in a choke hold if her thin arms were capable of such strength. Valerie sped and swerved down the small abandoned roads, and even when they got closer to the city she still didn't let up on her speed. She went through roundabouts like they were obstacles on a speed corse and she would get extra points for the lower she leaned and the faster she got through them. In addition, she either blew through stop signs or gave a 50 mph rolling stop and then accelerated through. Through the whole ride the wind bit at any form of exposed flesh, especially Max's neck. She wondered how in the world Valerie could stand going that fast without a helmet, or at least glasses to protect her eyes. Finally after half an hour of sheer terror for Max they finally pulled up to a small shop on the fringe of the city.

After the motorcycle was turned off Max got off as quickly as she could. She fell threw off the helmet and fell to her knees, tempted to kiss the ground. She felt numb from going so fast for so long and then suddenly stopping, and her head and stomach were

wrenching with motion sickness. "Hey Gerald!" Valerie called out walking into the shop. "I got the people hear can I go now?" Max could hear Valerie talking to someone in the shop, mostly she could hear Valerie's voice because she was so loud, but she didn't feel like listening at the moment. Max was still on her hands and knees staring at the ground when she felt Synclair remove himself from her shirt, and heard his feet touch the ground as he changed back into his previous form and came to stand beside her.

"Are you going to be alright?" he asked holding out his hand to help her up. "I must say I wasn't expecting this, but I suppose things do change when your gone for 200 years." Max took his hand and slowly stood up. She crossed her arms over her chest and wandered away to see what was going on in the shop. "Do I have to?" Valerie was saying in a whining voice to a man, who was old and somewhat overweight behind the counter of a relatively run down and dimly lit store. He had a large bulbous red nose and sagging watery eyes. He was wearing a dirty shirt and old blue jean overalls, and seemed to be a mechanic who should have retired 10 years ago.

The store had what looked to be old parts, both metal and wooden laying on shelves. Max walked across the concrete floor to get a better look at what was on the dusty shelves. "Well I'm afraid everyone else is out at the moment," the old man replied in a tired voice to Valerie's whining complaint. "Its just over an hour till dawn so everyone else has left for the night. Please Valerie your the only one I have." Valerie's face seemed to soften after the last remark, and the tension from her frustration seemed to fade away. "Fine!" she said after a long pause. "But I had better get reimbursed for this." Valerie strode away, "Come on." she said to Max who quickly followed her out.

Valerie strode outside and addressed Synclair "OK, where do you want to go tonight?" she asked impatiently. "I would like to go to the Underground Bank." Synclair responded, not paying attention to Valerie's bad attitude. Valerie shifted her weight and crossed her arms. "Of course," Valerie said rolling her eyes at him and walking back to her bike, "all vampires ever worry about is their damn money." "I would appreciate it," Synclair said losing his patients somewhat, "If you didn't make judgements about me

based on my race, I have been asleep for 200 years, and I would like to get my life back in order so if you would please, shut your insolent mouth and do your job." "Hey buddy, you should be grateful I'm doing this at all," Valerie responded, rising above and beyond Synclair's level of impatience, "because, this ISN'T my job, and I have had enough of people insisting that they're different from everyone else, just to prove later on that they are JUST like everyone else, which is shallow and selfish. So just shut up, get on, and be grateful I'm helping you at all." Synclair's eyes narrowed and it was clear that he was holding back a furious retort in favor of keeping the piece, and his ride, since his time before sunrise was limited. "Same seating as before then." Valerie said holding the helmet out to Max who had been quiet the whole time. Everyone then got settled in to the way things were before and once again they were tearing off into the night.

Chapter 8

Vampires Make Everything More Interesting - Chapter 8

After another dangerous, death defying motorcycle ride Max, Synclair, and Valerie were at the entrance to a subway. "Come on." Valerie said lifting her bike down the stairs. Max was somewhat suspicious of how easily Valerie was able to carry a motorcycle, but either it was a lightly built bike, or just another thing she didn't feel like questioning tonight.

Valerie got her bike stored in the underground garage and bought them all tickets to the subway quickly and efficiently. It was easy to sense the urgency surrounding them, especially with the earth turning them to face the sun in less than an hour now. Max could only assume that when vampires

met the sunlight nothing good would happen. She did wonder though, she had heard the man from the old shop, what was his name... Gerald? He had said the sun would rise in less than an hour, but when her and Synclair had gotten on the carriage the night had just begun. Somehow the carriage must have carried them thousands of miles in a few minutes. This made Max's head spin. For the moment she would try not to think of it, if she did, she feared she would start to have some kind of breakdown.

While Max was thinking, or trying not to think, of all this, she and her group got on to the platform to wait for the subway. Valerie pulled out a set of sunglasses and put them on and then looked at Synclair. "You're going to want to try not to make any eye contact with people," Valerie said in the most serious tone she had had all night, "and if anyone asks about your clothing say its a costume, and say you have colored contacts in your eyes, OK?" Synclair simply looked at her and nodded his head.

Max thought they all looked ridiculous. There was the pale as the dead vampire in vintage clothes, the

crazy burgundy haired woman wearing sunglasses at night on the subway, and she who definitely didn't look like she belonged with either of them.

No one was around at the moment so Max thought she would ask, "Valerie, why are you wearing sunglasses?" Valerie looked at her, and responded "Maybe I'll show you when we get into the underground." "Wait, what, or where is that?" Max asked, she wanted to know what the hell she was getting dragged into. "You'll see." Valerie responded simply. It was obvious she wasn't in a very talkative mood.

Now that Max was actually paying attention to her she actually seemed a little tense, maybe even nervous. That didn't seem very good. This was the same person who showed no fear while whipping around corners at incredible speeds, popping wheelies, and all other manner of dangerous stunts on her motorcycle. Max looked at Synclair, and he too seemed ill at ease.

Max could feel the dread growing in her stomach. It felt like someone had injected her with a poison that

was eating away at her insides. She could feel her palms beginning to sweat as the train could be heard approaching.

As the train got closer Max's every instinct told her to hightail it out of there. However, she was too scared to take the first step toward her freedom, freedom from her confusion and her fear. When the train came to a stop she just found her legs walking her on and the sitting on a seat in the middle. There were already a fair number of people on the train, mostly men and a few women in suits, probably commuting to work. They were all presumably normal people, living their normal lives, all completely unaware of what had just gotten on the train with them. Synclair and Valerie only got a few questioning looks from the people on the train, for the most part though people didn't care enough to look up. They were either reading books or zoned out listening to their iPods.

Max wished so badly that she could just wake up in her bed. She knew this was the moment that most people would kill for, she would have too for a while, but now that she was here in this moment, she found

herself terrified. She had never needed the courage to do anything in her whole life. In fact, most of the time she could back out of anything that she didn't want to do. She wished she could be ordered to do something again by Synclair. Then she could have the confidence that she once had in the graveyard. Ironically though, she was too scared to admit she was scarred. So for the entirety of the train ride Max sat with her arms crossed, trying to find some ounce of courage within her.

After about 15 minutes they were at their stop. The odd group all followed Valerie as she motioned to get off. They were in a sparse group of only a few other people who got off. After all the other people left and the train was gone Valerie led them down a narrow pathway that was just on the inside of the tunnel and that was normally used for maintenance. For once, Max's scrawny frame came in handy since she could walk almost comfortably down the cramped path, were as Valerie and Synclair both had to shimmy a little to avoid falling off the edge and onto the tracks. After only about a hundred yards they came to a locked door that had a sign that read "Authorized

Personal Only." Valerie reached into one of her pockets and pulled out a key that opened the door. Valerie walked in first, followed by Synclair, and finally when Max walked in Valerie said "Welcome to the underground." This sounded like an ominous statement, but the unremarkable room they had just walked into greatly diminished any weight that Valerie's statement held.

Max simply raised her eyebrows, all they had walked into was a stupid storage room. Sure it was dark and dank, but is was fairly well lit by the single lightbulb hanging from the ceiling. There were cleaning supplies on the shelves on the right side, however most of them were coved in layers of dust from neglect. On the left side of the room was a janitors cleaning station. It was yellow and came equipped with a mop, bucket, trash can, and a rail to hang spray bottles from. They all stood there in silence as Valerie looked at the far wall opposite of the door. It was unremarkable but Valerie seemed to be looking for something, angrily muttering. "God dammit I don't even remember how to get in here, stupid bank. Why does it even need security, the door to get

in here is already locked who cares. Oh wait!" Valerie said having made a discovery, "HA I found it!" She pushed something on the wall and a voice could be heard in the room. "Identification please." the voice said. Max looked around confused trying to find some kind of intercom system, but all she could see was cobwebs and cleaning supplies. The voice sounded like it came from some intelligent being, and not just a recording, but Max couldn't tell whether it was male or female, she figured it probably wasn't human though.

Valerie reached into her pockets once more and this time pulled out a card. Max could only see the back but she figured it was some kind of ID, though the back didn't look like a driver's license, at least not the kind she was familiar with. "I have two guests with me as well." Valerie said in a clear voice. After a brief pause there was a loud cracking noise and the entire far wall shifted backwards a foot. "Allowing in Valerie and two guests." the voice annonced. Dust billowed around it as it grindingly slid to the right revealing another small room. However, on the far side of this room were glass doors that looked like

the belonged outside an upscale New York office building. Behind the doors though a golden room could be seen.

Valerie took off her sunglasses finally and replaced them in her coat. "Lets just get this over with." She said in the generic way that everyone says that phrase. So following the lead of Valerie Max and Synclair entered the Underground Bank.

The entire sight of the bank was a kick in the eyes for Max. For one, it was ornately decorated with large marble Greek columns in each corner. These had veins of gold running up all sides and at the top ended in an explosion of gold leaves and vines which snaked their ways across the very high ceiling and crawled several feet down the wall. The walls were finely carved marble with depictions of ancient scenes that Max couldn't begin to comprehend. And the floors that Max didn't even want to step on were white marble with gold veins that matched the columns.

One each side of the room besides the entrance were gold counters with glass windows that had small

openings on the bottom, behind each was a teller, mostly female but with a few males, all with a smile on their face and all extremely good looking. They wore a uniform consisting of a black suite coat and a white dress shirt underneath, along with a red bow tie.

The other shock that the bank contained was the people who were being serviced by the tellers. Perhaps the most shocking was the centaur who was talking to a teller on the far right side of the room. It was one thing seeing a vampire, who was just a very pale human with red slit eyes, but it was entirely another seeing a half man half horse, plus it was just so big and intimidating. The centaur could merely lean over the glass and talk directly to the teller if he wanted, but he seemed to be doing his best to stay on his side of the glass. Other than the centaur though the most abundant things in the bank were those who were as pale as Synclair, presumably vampires. The vampires were dressed in a variety of clothes, some wearing very new very expensive looking suits, others wearing older looking clothes like Synclair, while still others just wore normal clothes you would

see on the street. Besides them though, there were tanner people, though still not very tan by human standards, mostly middle of the road in skin tone. They were impressive in other ways though, mostly just the fact that their arms looked wider than Max's torso. There were only two that were that thick though, the man they were standing behind was not nearly impressive as they were, he actually looked like the most normal person there. He was of medium height and build and had brown hair which was pulled back in a loose ponytail. He, as well as the thick men who stood behind him like body guards, were dressed in plain clothes, consisting of jeans, t-shirts, and work boots.

Taking this all in at once Max instantly knew that she did not belong here. This was confirmed when a girl, who Max had not initially seen in her first sweep of looking at the grand inside of the bank, said in a whining annoyed voice, "Why would you bring a human here? You stupid dog, can't you think anymore?" It was clear that this girl had a "cheer leader attitude" as Max referred to it in her head. She had bright orange hair, and carried the air that she

was the most important person in the world, and everyone should do everything for her. Besides that, she was wearing the most expensive clothes from Areopostale. "Call me stupid one more time." Valerie said her voice dropping an octave in frightening manner. "Stupid. Fucking. Dog." the girl practically spat in Valerie's face. Then all of a sudden Max could see Valerie move, but it was so fast that it was just a blur, and suddenly the orange haired girl's face was smashed backwards. When orange hair's head snapped forward again there was blood covering her face, and her nose was barely recognizable anymore. The girl just shrieked and lunged at Valerie. However, it was a very sloppy attack and was easily countered by Valerie who side stepped, grabbed the girl by her shirt collar, and threw the girl overhand into the glass doors at the entrance, causing her to break a hole in it. Unlike in hollywood the whole door did not shatter into tiny pretty pieces, rather Max thought it looked like when she had seen a boy in her neighborhood accidentally hit a baseball through a window. After the ball went through the glass it simply had a hole with a lot of cracks surrounding it,

and that was exactly what the door looked like now. Except with a much larger hole.

The orange haired girl had left a trail of blood when she went flying through the air and she was currently getting up on the other side of the door. Synclair grabbed Max, who was currently speechless after witnessing the beginning of the fight. It already looked like the fights you only see in movies, and he dragged her to the other side of the bank. "Just ignore them," he said impatiently, as Max stumbled to keep up with him, "If weres and shapeshifters are anything like they were two hundred years ago, then they should stop soon." Max normally wouldn't be able to believe her ears, but with all the revelations she had had this night she could accept that weres and shapshifters existed without too much of a problem. Everyone else seemed to share the same sentiment as Synclair, since hardly anyone spared a glance at the fight that had just flared up.

Synclair finally got to the counter, "Hello," the teller smiled, her teeth were brilliantly white, almost shockingly so, "How may I help you this morning?"

While the teller was saying this Max turned around to watch the fight some more. Currently Valerie and the orange haired girl were wrestling on the ground, rolling around and slamming each other down with surprising force. And, were they biting each other? Max was surprised she had never seen two girls fight this violently before. However, as soon as Valerie started tearing off a chunk of the red heads arm, the fabric and flesh creating a strongly gut wrenching ripping noise, Max decided she had seen enough of that for the night and turned around.

"I've been out of the country for a while and would like to check on my property and bank account, if you wouldn't mind." Synclair responded, matching the polite tone of the bank teller. Now Max was torn between which was more disgusting, the way Synclair and this woman were talking, or the fight going on in the front of the bank. "Right away sir, I will just need your first and last name and your bank ID card."

"I'm afraid I've been gone long enough that I missed getting an ID card." Synclair said. "Well then just your

first and last name, and we will work on a way to confirm your ID." The bank teller responded, never losing her smile the whole time. "My name is Synclair Devol." Synclair said blankly. This statement finally wiped the smile off of the tellers face. She looked up at him in shock. "THE Synclair Devol, from two hundred years ago?" She asked, her voice sounding somewhat breathy. "I had hoped my little stunt would not have garnered so much attention," Synclair said, remaining calm "but yes, I am he." The teller looked at him shocked, the same way a bystander would look at a celebrity who was far out of place. "Well, I uh-" The teller started stammering her hands fluttering about, fidgeting with nothing in particular. Max looked around to see If any one else was observing this strange scene. All eyes in the bank were on them.

"You!" one of the vampires closest to them exclaimed, he was one of the vampires who dressed in older styled clothing, older looking than Synclair's. "You should not be here! You are supposed to be rotting in the ground for your crimes against the queen!" His voice had a hint of some kind of European accent,

but Max couldn't quite put her finger on what it was. Synclair did not look at him, his face didn't even show that he had heard the accusation. He just continued to watch blankly as the teller got even more flustered.

"Listen to me when I am talking to you!" The vampire said getting closer. "And besides your crimes, you have brought a human here! Do you have no sense of secrecy? Are you unable to follow the law anymore!?" Synclair now looked up at this especially since the vampire was now getting closer to Max. "She is my human servant," He said, "Last time I checked we were allowed to bring our servants with us where ever we went. I see no reason why that law would have changed." "THIS!?" The vampire exclaimed in surprise, by now he was standing right next to Synclair and Max, "This scrawny little whelp of a girl is your servant!? What possible use could she serve? Anyways, we abolished keeping humans as servants decades ago, we see and use them for what they are now, which is nothing more than blood suppliers and day slaves." Synclair sneered a bit at this remark but managed to keep calm while

responding, "Well the laws of magic still allow us to create one, and she is mine, so she can be here if I want her to be."

"You are as insolent as you were two hundred years ago." the vampire spat.

"And you're just as arrogant." Synclair retorted.

"What did you say to me!?"

"I said you were arrogant."

With that the vampire lashed out and struck Synclair across the face, he raked his claw from ear to nose and left small red trails behind them on Synclair's face. "Well I suppose since you drew first blood this is in self defense now." Synclair said smiling and with a blur grabbed the vampire by the hair and slammed his head into the golden counter causing the teller, who was already so flustered, to practically shriek in surprise. Blood stained the counter were it and the vampire's head had met. The vampire slumped to the ground in a heap, blood flowing freely from the wound in his head. "How dare you!" a voice yelled from the crowd. All eyes of everyone in the bank

were on them now, most of them with bared teeth to go with their angry glares. "You may want to get out of the way and find a safe place to hide," Synclair said. Max listened to this advice immediately and threw her head around desperately looking for a place to hide. Then she caught sight of the centaur once more and saw that there was a break in the golden counters behind him. She ran there as fast as her thin legs would carry her and sloppily skidded to a stop and couched down in the corner. Thankfully no one was really paying attention to her since they were all focused on the fight between Synclair and the other vampire, and even on the other fight between Valerie and the orange haired girl, which seemed to be getting worse since from the other side of the room Max could hear them snarling, yelling, and making contact with the floor. Max tried to ignore it all. She had no idea what would happen to her now, how she would get home, or even if she would be allowed to leave. She just sat on the ground, pulled her legs up to her chest and buried her head in her knees. She listened to the yelling and the sounds of fighting for a while but it wasn't long

before she felt something breathing on her. She jerked her head up and saw a strange creature before her. It looked like a dog with tall ears, but the most shocking feature about it was that it was emaciated to the point of being almost entirely just skin and bone, but besides that its mouth was firmly bandaged shut, and its eyes were stitched together. Max looked at the poor creature whose head was pointed directly at hers, staring without staring, and even though the creature didn't have a single hair on its body Max reached out and patted it on the head.

"You are not supposed to touch it!" a voice boomed from above Max. She looked up and towering over her was the centaur with a scare and repulsed look and his rough face. Max quickly withdrew her hand, to which the thin dog whimpered, and drooped its ears. Max felt terrible as soon as she did it. "Why aren't I supposed to touch it?" Max asked timidly. "They are cursed." The centaur said as he backed away. When Max watched him back away she looked up at the rest of the bank and realized that everyone was staring at her. Well everyone except Valerie who

was looking at the red head with vicious inhuman look on her face.

There was a loud snapping and crunching noise and suddenly all of Valerie's clothes ripped off and she was replaced by a massive black dog. The dog snarled and lunged at the red head who looked shocked but before the dog that once was Valerie could do any damage, in mid jump her head was slammed into the ground by the smallest of the normal dressed people, who was accompanied by the two large men. He had looked normal enough in his white t-shirt and jeans, but it was crystal clear now that he was just as strange as every other supernatural in the bank. "Valerie!" he shouted in a commanding tone that made everyone freeze and listen to him. "You know the rules! You are NOT allowed shift in public places, especially not over such petty argument!" Valerie looked up and slightly bared her teeth at the man which earned her having her nose kicked by his foot. After that she layed down flat on the ground and let out a whimpering moan. "You are forgive, AGAIN, but learn to control your temper." The man said in a kinder tone. "Now go and

change back, I will have you escort the human back to the express." Valerie dragged her large furry body off of the floor and walked defeated toward one of the glass doors. She briefly stood up on her hind legs to open the door and the proceeded to walk on all fours again.

"Ooh, I'll bring some clothes!" One of the tellers exclaimed in a very concerned and girlish voice. The red head looked off at the doors after Valerie had left while she attempted to wipe the blood off of her face. "Hey thanks for helping me pack leader, even though I'm a werecat and all." The red head smiling at the man in the white T-shirt, who was the pack leader. "you know that girl, she's a psychopath. Ugh, I think someone should just put her down, she's just like a rabid dog." The pack leader snarled and slapped the red head across the face. "If you knew she was that crazy than maybe next time you won't be stupid enough to provoke her!" He yelled at her. "She is not the only one at fault here." The red head simply glared at him then crossed her arms and strode out of the bank. The pack leader just sighed and then turned to Synclair. "You know you must report to the

queen right?" he asked simply. "Yes." Synclair responded in an even simpler manner. "I will escort you there then." The pack leader said, "And since the sun will rise before we even get there I will ask Valerie to escort the girl home. Synclair just nodded.

"Human," the pack leader called. "Come here." Max got up nervous, since the weight of everyone's gaze was fully on her once again. She looked back at were the thin dog had been standing but it was gone now. She weakly made her way to were the man was standing. Once she got to him he said "Everyone, the show is over, go back to what you were doing." Reluctantly it seemed the bank slowly got back into the rhythm of talking that it had had before Synclair had said his full name. Then the man leaned down, put his hand on Max's shoulder and spoke to her in a gentle tone. "Now, do you know who I am?" he asked, Max shook her head in response. "I am the Alpha werewolf of England, but you can call me Arnold since that is my name." Max just nodded. "Now, your master is going to go have a talk with the vampire queen of england, OK?" Max nodded again. "Since he won't be able to take you back to your home I'm

going to have Valerie escort you there." Max just raised her eyebrows at this and made a slight noise of protest. "I know she seems awful rough," Arnold said, putting his arm around her shoulders and leading her to the doors "but she means well and I know deep down she has a good heart. Ah here she comes." He said. and after they got through the doors they saw Valerie walking toward them, she was wearing what looked to be most of a spare bank teller uniform. "Valerie." Arnold called to her, "Would you be kind enough to see her home?" Valerie groaned but then looked at Arnold and sheepishly agreed. "Excellent," Arnold said pushing Max toward Valerie. "I will hopefully see you both again." Arnold said as a parting statement and then walked back into the bank were Synclair was waiting for him.

Valerie and Max retraced there steps back to the platform were Valerie had left her bike. Before getting on it though Max simply asked "Can we please go slower this time?" Valerie simply sighed and nodded. A lot of her fiery passion seemed to be knocked out of her when she had gotten her head knocked into the floor.

Slower apparently meant only 80 mph but still it was better than going over 100 mph. Once Max and Valerie got to were The carriage had originally dropped Max off, Valerie put her hand into the air and snapped her fingers twice. The same distortion of the air could be seen in the distance just like the first time. And then the same rotten, mostly decayed carriage came into view and stopped right in front of them. "Welcome aboard the Underworld Express." The carriage driver said in a raspy voice. "Where shall I take you this morning?" "Too to outskirts of Boston where you picked me up please." Said Max, happy to be going home. "Are you both going?" the cab driver asked raspily. "No." Valerie responded somewhat annoyed. "Then I'm afraid I can't take you, this carriage is only meant to service those of the supernatural persuasion, and can only carry humans who are accompanied by someone or something supernatural." Max's heart dropped but as soon as she looked to Valerie to plead with her to come with her she felt a familiar breathing on her hand. She looked down and saw the same intensely thin, and cursed dog from the bank. It looked up at her again

with its eyelids, and Max remembering that she had already been cursed figured there was no harm in petting it any more. So she reached down and patted the dog on the head again, who began to madly wag his tail. "What in the hell, why are you petting an egyptian death hound," Valerie asked looking down at the creature, "and where did it come from, and you know your supposedly cursed now right?" "Oh, well I kinda met him at the bank already," Max responded, "and yeah, someone already told me that I was cursed." "Well whatever then." Valerie simply said.

Then the egyptian death hound walked up to the carriage and got in. "You may get in now human." The cab driver said. And with that Max was finally heading home.

OMFG, such a long chapter. If you read all the way hear, then applause and internet cookies for you. Please, any feedback whatsoever is GREATLY appreciated. Votes, and comments are a huge help to me, and thank you for reading.

Again over 100 reads and still no comments other than my own? Please, I would like to know what you think, do you like it, do you hate it? Who's your favorite character? ANYTHING! I will continue to write without these but you would honestly make my day if you just told me you read the whole thing.

Chapter 9

Vampires Make Everything More Interesting - Chapter 9

Max sat with the Egyptian Death Hound in the carriage which soon began to move West, away from the rising sun. This time Max watched out the back window which was cloudy and slightly cracked. The sun was just peaking over the treetops when the world faded into gray which darkened into pitch black. Max hadn't noticed it the first time she rode in the carriage since it was already dark out, making the change miniscule and easily overlooked, especially since she had been distracted talking to Synclair. She then remember how she and Synclair had been talking so calmly at the beginning of the night, and now she didn't know if she'd ever get to

see him again. Sure it had only been two nights since she had first gotten to know him, but for the first time her life had been exciting and interesting. Now she was faced with having to go back to her normal life, one without vampires, beautiful hidden banks, or even weredogs. To make matters worse Synclair had never even said good-bye...

Max jumped with a start since the Egyptian Death Hound had chosen that moment to breathe heavily on her hand. She looked back at him, grateful that he had startled her out of her thoughts and rewarded him by patting him on the head. It wagged its tail enthusiastically, being grateful for a kind touch after going hundreds of years without such a thing. Max could have sworn she could see it smiling. She remembered how it was meant to be cursed, how she too now carried the curse with her, but she didn't feel any different. Nothing bad had happened so far, so she decided to forget about any curses. Besides, if she really was cursed already then she could pet the Egyptian Death Hound without any fear.

Finally the carriage came to a stop and the doors opened once more. The dog got up and hopped out of the carriage followed soon by his companion. As soon as they had gotten off the carriage disappeared back into the night that it had come from. Max looked around and noticed they were back at the cemetery that they had left from earlier that night. She then looked around and realized that it was still night. A gentle wispy mist still hovering between the headstones. She looked at them remembering that this was meant to be Synclair's temporary home. He never really had explained exactly where they had gone. Max looked sadly at the cemetery, wondering if she would ever need to return there and walk amongst its stone angles and mausoleums again.

This time the Egyptian Death Hound actually just nudged Max's hand rather than just breathing on it. "Oh sorry," she said, not sure what she was apologizing for, "I guess I should thank you for escorting me home." She the knelt down and stroked the dog's leathery head some more and gave it a brief kiss and the scalp as she had always done with her own dog at home. "I wonder if you have a name..."

she thought allowed. Seeming to hear her question the dog shook its head left to right. "Wow! you can understand what I'm saying?" Max asked surprised, the dog responded by shaking its head again, this time up and down. "You're so smart, good dog!" Max continuing to pet it more vigorously. "Well, since you don't have a name how would you like a name?" The dog shook its head up and down once more, this time with more enthusiasm. "Hmm..." Max thought about it, and after a few seconds she thought she had a pretty good idea. "How about we call you Edh, with a silent H, its the initials of Egyptian Death Hound." She smiled thinking it was quite clever. The newly named Edh seemed to think so too since he nodded his head and wagged his tail happily in acceptance of his new name.

Max then got up and looked at her phone for the time that night. It was 1 o' clock, and there were five messages from her parents; she really needed to stop leaving her phone on silent. That was it, she was going to die. Last time she got in at one her parents practically bit her head off, and now she was going to do it again. At least the last time she had had a decent

excuse, they were sure to have called her work this time though, and then they would have realized that she had left at the normal time. She slapped her forehead with the palm of her hand wondering what she was going to do. Plus, what going to happen to poor Edh? She had just given him a name and now she had to leave him already. "Well, I'm just going to have to march home and hope I don't die." Max said resigned to just do it and get it out of the way. She wasn't one to procrastinate, she liked to just do stuff and get it out of the way. Life was easier and less stressful for her that way.

She looked down at Edh who was cocking his head at her. "I have to go home now," Max said crouching down to talk to him. "I'll come back here tomorrow night and spend some time with you if you would like." Edh nodded his head in response and made his was silently toward the graveyard. Max watched him go, hoping she would be able to see him tomorrow and that her parents wouldn't keep her grounded for a month.

All the way on her walk home Max kept thinking about everything that had happened that night. She had already accepted and mostly come to terms with the fact that vampires were real, but now she had to deal with the fact that almost every myth of mankind wasn't really a myth and they all lived in an underground network below the subways. Her head was just swamped with thoughts. She boggled at how many vampires alone there may be, not to mention everything else.

Due to all her thoughts her walking pace had slowed considerably, meaning she got home almost at 2 o' clock. Once more she expected to open the door, walk in, and be assaulted by her parents, but this time her mother ran out of the door and onto the driveway to greet her. The light from their porch silhouetted Max's mother as she ran toward her daughter, grabbed hold of her and hugged her as tightly as possible. Max's mother then immediately drew back, leaving her hands tightly gripping Max's shoulders. From behind her mother's back Max could see her father in his pajamas, his thinning hair slightly messy.

"Where were you!?" Max's mother practically yelled shaking Max's small frame a bit; however, she restrained herself from yelling to loudly so as not to wake up the neighborhood. "We were worried sick about you! You never called or texted anyone to let us know were you were, and you never picked up your phone! If you don't have a good excuse you are quitting your job and are going to be grounded for the rest of the summer."

Max looked at her mother for a few moments, in those moments furiously thinking of a good excuse. She wished she had been thinking of this in the time it took her to walk home, but regrettably a secret underground of mythic creatures suddenly being revealed to you definitely does dominate a lot of thought.

She madly thought of something to say and finally just said, "Well on the way home from work I got a little sidetracked because, well... See there was this guy in the other day and I might have mistook him for a burglar, so I might have beat him up a bit." Max's mother was beginning to get the look of "how

could my daughter have done this?" but she just kept listening. "She that was why I was late the other day too, he was the reason why we had to clean up the back of the store. And so this guy, well, lets just say he came into work all cleaned up today and it turns out that he's like a rich owner of like some company. So he said he wouldn't sue me for the other day, because he said he didn't think I could afford it anyway, so he said I would have to work off my debt to him. So he had me go to his house and do chores for him tonight and thats why I was late. And he said if I didn't help him or told him anything he would make sure I end up in Juvi or even jail, so that's why I didn't want to tell you." Max finished her story and looked at her parents, proud of herself since she actually kind of told the truth. Max's mom looked like she didn't know what to think. "Let's go inside dear." her mom said quietly, the phrase holding the weight of there-will-be-a-lot-more-to-talk-about-once-we-are-inside.

Max gloomily proceeded inside the house in retrospect realizing that there would be a lot of questions her little story couldn't answer.

Max's mom sat her down at the kitchen table and then sat next to her, Max's father sitting on the opposite side of the table. Max's father had always been a man of few words, and definitely none of them were devoted to having serious discussions. As such, he sat silently and allowed his wife to do the talking.

"Max..." with the mother began, her voice betraying the multiple thoughts whipping through her head, combined with a pained expression on her face, "I really don't know why you told me that ridiculous story. I-"

"But its tru-" Max said trying to get a word in.

"Do not give me any buts." her mother replied firmly. "Now, I know you aren't the type to lie regularly, which might be why you did such a bad job this time, but I cannot believe that some strange man is having you do chores at his house until 1 in the morning. It is absolutely ridiculous. So unless this man is able to come to the house and explain himself, then you are grounded for a month."

"But Mom!" Max shouted angrily.

"I said no buts." her mother replied calmly, "If your story is true, then this whoever it is will easily be able to find you tomorrow night." Max's mother grinned somewhat in an I-got-you-now kind of way, however it was still mixed in with a mother's love and concern.

Max however just interpreted it as being smug so she angrily crossed her arms and marched up to her bedroom.

She didn't sleep very well that night, if at all. All she could think about was Synclair and if he would come back. Max also thought of Edh; she would feel extremely bad if she wasn't able to visit him.

The next day was almost surreal for Max. She went about her daily tasks of eating, drinking, and cleaning with almost a numb feeling. Everything was so dull compared to a last night. She thought all day long, and she realized that for the first time last night she had felt so many genuine emotions of awe and terror, she had felt truly alive. She knew then that she would have to find her way back to that place

somehow or she would live the rest of her dull life with regret.

She knew it would be dangerous and risky, and almost every part if her wanted her to stay here, at home, where it was safe.However, there was a small, but growing, part of her that was sick of monotony, sick of being boring, and sick of being scared of the unknown. It wanted her to go out and explore, to take a risk, to explore the underground, and to serve a vampire.

One big thing stood in her way though. She was grounded. Weighing her options she knew tonight probably wouldn't be the best time to sneak out. She would have to monitor her parents and see when and how they checked on her, then hopefully she could sneak out another night, perhaps when her parents had let their guard down and gone to bed.

So that night Max crawled under her covers, after her parents said goodnight, and began to think about what she would do when she finally got back to the underground. All the amazing things she could see, like goblins, or maybe elves. A brief tapping of a tree

branch on the window interrupted Max's thoughts. She ignored it for a good half-an-hour till it finally stopped. Then it started again, this time it was rhythmic though, almost like a metronome. Puzzled never hearing a tree branch sound a metronome before Max got up to investigate. When she opened her blinds she saw a bat sitting on her window sill and tapping rhythmically on the glass pane.

Chapter 10

Vampires Make Everything More Interesting - Chapter 10

Max looked at it confusedly for a few seconds before she realized that it looked somewhat familiar. "Synclair?" she whispered. She didn't know of any other reason why the bat would have stopped tapping when she came to the window and now just sat and stared up at her. Max considered that it could have just been a random, possibly rabid, bat, but she was almost sure it was Synclair, so she opened the window.

However as soon as she opened it the bat remained sitting there, still staring her right in the eye. Max was confused and looked at the small creature, wondering if it really was Synclair after all. If it was

him why wouldn't he come into the house? She thought for about half a minute but then the answer came to her. "You are invited in," Max said trying to sound formal but muttering after it, "or whatever you're supposed to say."

After she had spoke the bat flew about a foot inside Max's room and then transformed back into Synclair. He looked much better than he had the last time she had seen him. For one, his hair was cut, it was black and shaggy but looked much more manageable and modern than it had before. Another thing was that he had had a wardrobe update. He was now wearing a white dress shirt with a black tie, black dress pants, and dress shoes. His eyes as well were no longer red but a dark grey.

"We must hur-" he began but he was quickly shushed by Max who frantically shook her hands in the air. "Be quiet." she whispered to him putting her finger over her mouth. Taking note of the situation Synclair moved closer and leaned in only a few inches from Max's face so that they could talk quietly. "As I was saying before," he whispered, looking right into

Max's eyes. "we must hurry, there is only a few hours till dawn in England." Max noticed that even though he spoke she couldn't feel any breath coming from his mouth.

"England? Is that where we were last night?" Max asked, in retrospect she thought it should have been obvious if she had pondered it at all.

"Yes England, so we must go now." he said.

"Wait," Max said quickly, "there's one thing we have to do first. Since you look the part it should be easy enough to do."

"What is that?" Synclair asked.

Max quickly explained the lie she had told, and why it had gotten her grounded, and what Synclair had to do if he wanted her to go anywhere that night.

"Well then," he said backing away to the window, "I will see you at the front door in a few seconds."

After saying that Synclair turned back into a bat and flew back out the window. Max watched him go and then ran to her door. She stopped herself before she

opened it though. If she ran downstairs when she was supposed to be sleeping, in anticipation of someone showing up it would look quite suspicious; she chose to wait. It hardly made a difference though, since in a few moments she heard the door bell ring. After that, she heard her mom walking down the upstairs hall and past her room muttering, "Who in the world is ringing the doorbell at 9:45 at night?" Max couldn't make out the rest of what her mom said though since she was making her way down the stairs. Max heard her mom open the door, she could hear her mom's voice saying something forcibly polite, after that though it was silent for long time. Max stood awkwardly by her door during the pregnant pause, but then she heard her mom hesitantly call her name.

"Max," she called with almost a question in her voice, "I think you should come down here." Max's heart was pounding furiously in her chest, filled with anticipation and excitement for the night. Mingled in with the excitement though was well placed fear and hesitancy. Ignoring her negative emotions though Max waited a bit and then opened her door. She

made her way down the stairs, eager to see the shocked look on her mother's face.

Her mother was standing there in her night gown, arms hugged around herself. She nervously looked back when she heard Max coming down the stairs. "Max, this man says that he needs you to work for him tonight, to repay him." Max restrained herself from grinning, she looked happily down at Synclair who glanced up at her when she came down the stairs.

"Yeah Mom," Max said, unable to restrain at least a bit of cheerfulness from leaking into her voice. "This is who I was telling you about earlier."

Her mom looked from her daughter to the man in the doorway with a bewildered look on her face. "Well why do you have to go work for him this late at night?" She asked, sounding doubtful of the legitimacy of the situation.

"That would be my fault," Synclair responded. "I work almost all day so late at night is the only time that I can monitor her work. So if you please, we

really must be going if you want your daughter back before too late."

"Can I see some ID first, and where is your car, and where exactly do you even live?" Max's mom asked, giving word to her doubts.

"Well hear is my ID," Synclair said bringing out a car that Max couldn't see, "And my car is parked down a few blocks, since I wasn't sure where your house was, and I'm staying about half an hour away from hear in the hotel on the edge of the city."

"Well what are you two going to be doing then if you're only living in a hotel. Max told me you had her doing chores." Max's mother said in a tone that said she didn't really believe any of this.

Synclair paused for a moment, thoughtfully and then said.

"I was just having her help me go through things." Synclair said sincerely, honest dripping from the words that came out of his mouth. "You see I recently had a family member who passed away in this area

so that is why I am staying here. I was going to have Max help me go through their things."

Max's mom kept her arms crossed and debated for a while. Then finally, "Max I want you to call or text me every hour," her mom said with a voice full of concern, "if you don't you are going to be in BIG trouble. Don't do anything stupid, and I want you to try to be home BEFORE 1, if you're out past 2 then your not going to be allowed to go out for anything other than work or school, alright?"

Max nearly burst into a grin, "Alright mom." she said and then continued the rest of the way down the stairs and gave her mother a hug.

"Alright lets go." Synclair said urgently.

"OK," Max responded, "Just let me put some shoes on first." She then started climbing the stairs as quick as her legs would take her but she was stopped half way up the stairs by her mom who said, "Max, aren't you going to put any clothes on!?" Max then remembered that she was just wearing an old shirt and some flannel pajama pants. She was about to respond but Synclair saved her the effort.

"No just some shoes will be fine," he said. "I have had enough experience with women getting dressed to know that we don't have time for that right now." Max had to smile at his joke but then continued to run up the stairs. She put some sneakers over her bare feet and then ran back down the stairs.

"OK, I'm ready, lets go." she said, eager to leave. Max's mom grabbed her and hugged her one last time before she left. "Be careful." she said softly in her daughters ear, her concern letting itself out through the three simple syllables. "I will," Max responded. They released their embrace, and after one last look, Max walked back into the night with her vampire master.

They both walked quickly and without speaking into the night until they were away from any houses. Max struggled to keep up with Synclair's long strides. He was walking quite fast and Max had to half jog just to keep up.

"So what's going on?" Max asked, "What happened when you visited the queen?" Synclair glanced down

at her when she asked her question but never let up on his fast walking pace.

"Well," he responded, "For the most part I am free, at least from my coffin. The night you left I didn't really speak to the queen much except to be told that she would see me the next night after she had rested for the day.

"Then after we had slept for the day I got to have a talk with one of her representatives who brought me mostly up to speed on everything that had happened, which was a lot. The creation of America from the colonies, the end of monarchy in the human world in England, the two world wars, the great depression, the cold war, and and now this war on terror," he sighed, even though he didn't seem particularly phased by the horror contained in these events, he sounded more annoyed at the fact that he needed to learn so much information. "Well needless to say I'm going to have to have quite a few history lessons to catch up on world events not to mention technology."

"Doesn't any of this shock you?" Max asked confused by his nonchalant tone. She had always figured that

someone from another time period we be shocked and amazed by new technology.

"Not really," Synclair responded sounding unimpressed. "I had actually hoped that technology would have advanced farther but I suppose this is the best I'm going to get."

Max looked up at him and thought about how he had missed the last two years, and then how that was because he had been trapped in a coffin the whole time. A small dark place, with no contact with anyone, and nothing to eat, or rather drink, for two hundred years. She had heard that people went half mad after being kept in solitary confinement for a week or two, and they at least got to have a little food. She couldn't help herself so she wondered aloud, "Two-hundred years in a coffin... How did you not go crazy?"

"Oh it wasn't that hard, I just went into a hibernating state. I wouldn't want to repeat the experience, but really its kind of nice to wake up 200 years stronger." Synclair responded sounding somewhat pleased.

"Wait, what?" Max gasped, partially due to confusion, partially due to the fact she was losing her breath trying to keep up with Synclair's pace.

Synclair glanced down at Max and slowed down his pace, then looked at his watch which looked new, probably one of the things that came with his updated look. "I suppose we can slow down a bit." he said, "but, anyway, what were you confused about?"

Max, grateful for the slow in pace responded, "Just the whole hibernation thing, I didn't know you could do that, and you said you woke up stronger? What does that mean?" She asked.

"Ah that," Synclair responded calmly, "Yes vampires can hibernate, and yes we become stronger when we age."

They both just kept walking then, since Synclair had nothing more to add and Max was still catching her breath. They had only walked for about 5 blocks, but she was horribly out of shape. Synclair seemed to notice this and said, "You know, if you are going to be any help to me at all your going to have to do something about your fitness level."

"What's wrong with how fit I am!?" Max responded angrily, she wasn't very open to people making any remarks about her body.

Synclair said very bluntly, "You are unhealthily thin, have no muscle and extremely out of shape, we have hardly walked any distance yet you are still gasping for air. I don't know what kind of charmed existence you led previously that let you be so out of shape but it ends hear."

Max stopped walking and tried to send Synclair a mean looking glare, but what she thought looked mean actually looked fairly pathetic.

Synclair just kept walked pausing briefly to say, "Are you coming or do I have to drag you there?" Max angrily followed after him, she never liked it when anyone made any remarks about the way she looked. She worked so hard to make herself look perfect that when anyone said otherwise she got very offended.

Max and Synclair then arrived at the cemetery and as soon as they did Max remembered her previous plans she had made the night before. "Can you hold

on for a second?" Max said to Synclair and then ran a few paces to the front gates of the cemetery.

"Edh!?" She called out into the night looking around for the Egyptian Death Hound. "Edh!?" she called again a few moments later. She scanned the cemetery for a bit, losing hope that she would see her new friend again. Just then though, she felt something dry nudge the back of her hand. She whipped around to see what it was and saw her new found cursed friend.

"Edh!" She exclaimed crouching down to greet him. While she had been doing that Synclair had summoned the Underworld Express.

"Max what is that!?" Synclair exclaimed turning to look at her and the creature.

"Oh, uh, well its I think an Egyptian Death Hound. Or something..." she said somewhat sheepishly. She remembered then that she wasn't supposed to have touched it in the first place.

"Where did it come from?" Synclair asked in disgusted curiosity.

"Well I met it at the bank when I was hiding, and he followed me home... Can I keep him?" Max said grinning and putting on her most pleading and adorable face.

"I don't know what it is, where it came from, or why it is here. When I know that then I will tell you whether it can stay with us or not." Synclair responded sounding a little like an exasperated parent.

"Are you going to get in the cab or wonder about that cursed creature?" The Underworld Express carriage drive called out in his gravely voice.

"It's cursed!?" Synclair asked surprised and somewhat angry.

"Well, uh, I guess... I mean I thought you knew that already." Max muttered in response.

"From now on don't talk to anything, touch anything, or go anywhere in the Underground without consulting with me first, otherwise you'll be a meal for a hungry goblin the second I you're out of my sight." Synclair said annoyed.

Max crossed her arms and pouted a bit but Synclair quickly said "Well we best be on are way, say good-bye to that strange thing."

Max quickly said her good-byes to Edh who let out a moaning whimper as she walked away and boarded the Underworld Express with Synclair. They were silent for the trip, which was fairly the same as the last one up until they got off the carriage and were met by a black limousine. Max was amazed by this and opened her mouth to say something but was silenced by Synclair who grabbed her arm, led her to the car and said whispered quickly, "Stay quiet while we are in the company of these people."

As soon as they were both in the limousine it began to drive. Max looked around. The interior was leather, and black and had two men sitting in it who had already been in the car when they got in. Both of them looked like stereo typical secret agents with close cut hair, sunglasses and suits. No one spoke for the half-an-hour drive and Max took the opportunity of silence to text her mother as she had promised.

When the vehicle finally stopped the two men got out first and then motioned for Max and Synclair to follow. Max looked around and saw that they were in the city again and, the large buildings towering above them. However, she did not have much time to take in because both her and Synclair were quickly ushered down into the subway by the two men in suits.

Once they boarded the large underground train Max once again had the chance to feel awkward and out of place on a subway for the second night in a row. Her companions were all wearing suits, yet there she sat in her flannel pajama pants which had cute smiling skulls all over them and her matching t-shirt top. Now that she had time to sit and rethink things she really thought she should have put a pair of jeans on at least.

After a few stops they got off the train, and just like the night before waited until the train was gone before they traveled along the fringes of the subway tunnel. However this time instead of entering a janitor's closet they were met by an steel grate which

guarded the way to a long underground tunnel. Without any of them doing anything that Max could perceive the gate opened and all of them followed the two men in.

At the end of the tunnel was a large ornate hall which looked like it belonged in a Medieval Castle, but the only difference was that there were of corse no window. Everything else that would make one think of a castle was present though. Tapestries hung from the wall depicting all sorts of complex scenes, golden shields and swords found their places in between the tapestries.

Large wooded door stood closed at the end of the long hall with two full suits of armor, one on either side, stood outside of them. Max wondered what lay behind the doors, however, she started to think it may be a dragon, or some similar terrifying beast and suddenly she didn't want to know anymore. The concept of a large horrifying monster residing behind the doors fit too well, and with all the supernatural things she had learned to be true and

real, she would never doubt the existence of any mythic creature ever again.

For the first time that night one of the men who had traveled with them to this point spoke. "Synclair," he said like a formal robot, "the queen thanks you for bringing your human with as per her request, and now she is ready to see you, however, you shall speak with her in privacy, your human will be escorted else were while you talk."

"Where will she be taken?" Synclair inquired, keeping his face and voice blank.

"The queen wishes to give her a quick tour of our world." Synclair opened his mouth to speak but was quickly cut off by the man who said, "You know there is no way to avoid this, anything you do to struggle against her wishes will only end up costing you more in the end."

Max was now terrified. She didn't know what could be waiting for her on the "tour," but she knew by the look on Synclair's face that it wouldn't be anything good.

"I hope this turns out alright." Synclair said in parting while walking down the hall with the first suited man who had done the talking. He said it partially to Max, and partially to no one in particular.

"Come, it is time to see what this world is truly like." The second suited man who had stayed behind said. From the ominous way that the man had said it Max knew she was in for one hell of a night.

My god, I finally got this chapter finished!! I have been slowly writing it about an hour at a time all week.

As always I hope you enjoy, and if you want to read more faster be sure to comment and vote since that is what motivates me to write!

About the Author

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